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To the AUTHOR *of the* WEEKLY REGISTER.

SIR,

AMONG the Variety of Reasons that have been given for the present Decay of Taste, and the growing Contempt which seems to prevail in the World for the Professors of polite Literature, I much wonder that their own Animosities are not consider'd as, at least, one of the Number, if not one of the most considerable of all: For is it possible that Readers should retain any Respect for Characters, which they never hear of but in a ridiculous Light; or that they should be enamour'd of a Science, which was hourly prostituted to defame itself?

'Tis certain the bad Passions are too prevalent in all Men, and 'tis perhaps impossible for the Best to be intirely free from their Influence; but still 'tis, in a more particular Manner, necessary that those who undertake to reform others should first begin with themselves; and yet so little does this Rule seem to be regarded by the Writers of the present Age, that they even sacrifice their own Reputation to their Resentment, and forget the Dignity of the Science, in order to be severe on the Person.

In this View it is that a Party-Quarrel has so long subsisted among the Writers of our Day, and both Sides have been at equal Pains to expose their Antagonists, by way of Conquest and Triumph to themselves; nay such mean and disingenuous Methods have been taken to collect a Stock of Scandal together, and such the Malevolence of the Libel to the Depravity of the Age, as will justly reflect the highest Ignominy on the Authors and Publishers: Neither will the most pointed Wit, or the most refin'd Humour atone for the Abuse; or a great Character be allow'd a reasonable Plea for Ill-Nature and Ill-Manners.

The Result of this Controversy, in the very best Light it will bear, is no better than dividing the Opinions of Men into Factions, and making an invidious Distinction the Standard of Sense and Merit; whereby the best Work, and the best Author may labour to no Purpose against the Tide of Prejudice; such a Mark may be set on both, that no Mastery or Diligence may be able to overcome, and the Publick itself become the Tool of personal Pique, to destroy a Genius it might regret too late.

But, if we carry this Reflection a little farther, we shall find that the negative Discouragement of any particular Author is the least of the Inconveniences which arise from so ridiculous a Schism. For the Generality of Readers are not in Pursuit of Truth, but Entertainment, and who entertains them best is easy to be seen, by the Success which always attends Slander and Invective: As long as little undervaluing Stories are told, and Lyes invented to gratify this monstrous Itch of Laughing at another Man's Expence, they are sure to be pleas'd on either Side, or both; no Matter which they really espouse, they relish the Abuse of all, and their best Friend is sure to be ridicul'd in Turn as well as the rest.

As Authors in general act the Part of Spies upon the World, and make it the Business of their Lives to expose its Failings; the World, on the other hand, is never more pleas'd than when they revenge its Quarrel upon one another, and put a Stop to the Ridiculing others, to expose themselves: Is it to be wonder'd, therefore, that the Publick takes the Hint to recriminate, or is fond of laughing at their Reformers? 'Tis morally impossible that any such Debate should be carried on without bringing the Science into Disesteem, and its Professors into Contempt If Authors will find Joaks, Readers can apply, and he that makes them is hurt in some Degree, as well as he they are level'd at. 'Tis plain, he who attacks the Fame of another Writer, is more a Friend to himself than the Art he professes; if he was not, he would learn of the Clergy to hide the Failings of a Brother, for the Sake of Writing in general.

In such an Age as ours, Ingenuity meets with Enemies enough to encounter, it has no Need to destroy itself; for which Reason, it appears to me highly necessary that a Compromise should immediately take Place, and every Difficulty be overlook'd, that seems, at present, to oppose so prudent a Design. 'Tis no Shame to the Proudest to submit his own private Quarrel to the Welfare of the Whole; he that has attain'd to the highest Excellency in his Art has the most Reason to declare for its Protection, and he who is most concern'd for his Interest will find it easiest to espousing that of his Brethren in general as well as his own. In short, were Authors to act only in this conjunctive Manner, they would soon find themselves of ten Times the Importance they are of at present, and would in Fact deserve to be so ten Times as much.

If they obstinately persist in their present Bickerings, if they resolve to allow no Merit to any but those of their own Cabal: If they meanly and narrowly centre the whole Art in themselves, and endeavour to crush every rising Genius for fear it should eclipse their own, 'twill be next to impossible that Learning should gain Ground, or even support itself in the forlorn, distracted Condition it has appear'd in till now. 'Twill be vain and foolish to lay the Blame on the Great and Rich, or insinuate that the Muses starve for want of their Interposition in their Favour: As the Case is, at present, every Nobleman may very well decline commencing Patron, since he is not sure but his Generosity to one Writer may draw upon him a Lampoon from another. Such Conduct as this has too often taken Place already, and I don't see much Prospect of an Alteration: If we affect to despise one another so cordially and sincerely, why should we be surpriz'd that they pay a Compliment to our mutual Judgments, and do the same? Certainly 'till we alter our Behaviour they are in the Right, and we have no Reason to complain.

Were I of Consequence enough to inforce this Union as warmly as I recommend it; or if my Example would give any additional Strength to my Precepts, I would not delay either a Moment, but sacrifice all the little Emotions of Spleen and Prejudice to my sincere Regard for the Interests of Learning, and the Reputation of Authors. I should not be in the least apprehensive of being accus'd of a cowardly Submission, or, if I was, and the Accommodation should be attended with the desir'd Effects, I would not retract in Tenderness to my own Character, or begrudge the Injury I suffer'd to promote so good a Cause.

I am of Opinion too, there is not any Genius so great, or eminent, but might descend to offer Conditions even to his Inferiors; I think there is Room to call out a Greatness of Soul, and Sweetness of Disposition as would do the Professor greater Honour than the most elevated Talents, and the most perfect Productions. If there were any that had been misled, he would undeceive them if any that had misrepresented his Character and Writings, they would be asham'd of the Injury; if any, he himself had hurt in the first Impulse of Anger, or the cooler Influence of Prejudice and Aversion, they would gladly forgive him, and press forward to a Reconcilement. In a Word, even in such Condescensions as these, he would appear greatly amiable, he would have the Satisfaction of seeing all Men his Admirers, and of finding himself universally acknowledg'd the first both in Science and Virtue.

Beside the natural Backwardness of Men either to own themselves in the Wrong, or make Concessions to their Adversaries, I know of but one Objection to this desirable Union, and that is the Fear least, without the Lash of Criticism and Satire, Learning should sleep. To which I reply that, tho' open and licentious Cavils would be laid aside by this Scheme, just and reasonable Admonitions would be more frequent and more effectual than ever. Such an Harmony among Authors would create Confidence and Friendship: Every Work of Importance would be examin'd before Publication, instead of being expos'd afterwards, and a Writer would privately alter what perhaps he would publickly defend. Emulations would then arise of the most just and honourable Nature, and Men would rather vie in Excellency, than Reputation. No low and unjust Demurs, cold and faint Praises, or avow'd and bitter Censures, would lay a Load on Writers in their toilsome Progress towards Fame; but the whole Brotherhood would jointly or separately lend a Hand to each other to render the Ascent more easy, and the Reward more certain.

The Publick too would then have the Satisfaction of seeing Works of true Taste, and well-regulated Genius daily appear, and Novelty itself would become a reasonable Entertainment. When Dulness ventur'd her Mock-Reverence abroad, 'twould be seen one Moment with Contempt, and the next be lost in its original Obscurity. There is no Need of additional Weight to sink what has a natural Tendency downwards, and was rais'd with Difficulty at the Beginning; neither does Imagination want any Wings but its own to raise it; free it from Prejudice and Calumny, and it ascends of Course.

Thus the Advantage would be general both to Authors and Readers, and no Body will dispute but 'tis high Time it should take Place: We have been teas'd with Recriminations enough, we are tir'd of the dull ungrateful Round, we had rather Men would convince us of their Worth by the Strength and Beauty of their own Performances, than Severities on those of others. There are Subjects enough to employ all the Genius we can produce, and there is as little Necessity for clashing together in the same Walk, as there is Likelihood half a Dozen Men who were travelling the Globe, in different Routs, should meet in the same Point.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

The Mossy Journey. *A Vision.*

IN sweet *Hordunia*'s happy Groves I lay,
Just cover'd by the friendly Mountain's Side;
The Sun bid Dials shew the Moon the Day,
And Zephyrs fear'd to wanton thro' the Glade.

For no kind Cloud in the *Blue Æther* shields
From Summer's sultry Heats the thirsty Plain,
The glowing Flow'rs mourn in th' unpity'd Field,
The Want of Coolness, and the Want of Rain.

The panting Cattle seek the wonted Spring;
But ah! the Fountain now forgets to flow,
The fainting Birds sit silent, cannot sing,
And Lambs repoling the burnt Herd forego.

The *Lark* alone in Songs dares upward rise,
And greet the scorching Planet in his Race;
Fearless she wings her Journey to the Skies,
And as she tow'rs, looks boldly in his Face.

Soaring she now escapes the prying Sight,
Yet still we hear her pretty vary'd Song;
Tho' hid in the too distant Rays of Light,
The Warbler's Voice continues sweet and strong.

Then mute descending to the Ground she falls,
To meditate upon a second Flight,
All the vast Pleasure of the last recalls,
Impatient to renew so great Delight.

Echo was silent, or the list'ning Rocks,
Warm'd by the Beams of the Meridian Sun,
Heard not the mournful Bleating of the Flocks,
That try'd lamenting the great Heat to shun.

Such was the Scene; my weary Limbs I spread
Within the Precipice's grateful Shade;
On a Tree's Root I lay'd my careless Head,
And Fancy only cou'd my Rest invade.

She thus unfetter'd now, and pleas'd to rove
Thro' Nature's secret, deep, mysterious Ways,
Wanders delighted thro' the *Mossy Grove*,
Unweary'd thro' its lovely Thickets strays.

Reason was present at the solemn Scene,
In Transport all the hidden Wonders saw
That fill each Path of the surprizing Green,
But cannot paint their Greatness or their Awe.

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE]

N. B. *Advertisements, of a reasonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

Here Animals of various Shapes appear,
In Herds, or ſcatter'd, thro' the verdant Wood
They Journey; for they live, move, ſpeak and hear
Each by its Species may be underſtood.

The vocal Sound can their Ideas tell,
(For they ſome Images of Things can frame)
It echoes thro' the Place wherein they dwell,
Gives to inſtructive Forms the proper Name.

Names known to them, altho' from us conceal'd,
Expreſſive all their Sentiments declare,
And wiſely to the Brutes alone reveal'd,
Imperfect Modulations of the Air.

But yet ſuch Modulations as convey,
To the Senſation of the ſimple Brute,
All that the little Creatures want to ſay,
And ſhews they are not, tho' even they ſeem mute.

Their Smallneſs hides them from the naked Eye;
But Fancy their Conſtruction could perceive,
And wand'ring thro' the Veins could plainly ſpy
The wond'rous Animation they receive.

By circling Blood convey'd, I travers'd o'er,
The *Microcoſm*'s ſlender Fabrick view'd,
Saw Things, at leaſt conceal'd from Sight before,
Beauties wherewith I thought was unendu'd.

Wrapt in the Womb ſix infant Creatures lay,
That ſeem'd to ſtruggle ſtrongly towards Birth;
I ſaw them all brought forth in open Day,
Minuteſt Offspring of the teeming Earth.

But yet the ſmall *Automa* may contain
Millions of others; in its little Frame
They may exiſt; the Parent's Form retain,
Tho' too diminutive for Words to name.

An aged Tree grew high above the reſt,
And over-ſhadow'd all the *Moſſy Wood*,
In Eagerneſs that cannot be expreſt,
She travel'd thro' its Pores in Search of Food.

Thro' every Bough the liquid Juices flow,
Led by the genial Warmth they gently riſe;
Each Drop unnumber'd Animals can ſhow,
And fill the gazing Mind with glad Surprize.

Each downy Leaf ſuſtains a riſing Grove;
The little People creep beneath its Shade,
To human Eyes inviſible they rove,
And every Cranny freely can pervade.

On balmy Dews, dry'd by the kindly Sun,
Peaceful they feed till *Autumn*'s Winds deſtroy
The lovely Leaf, then to the Branches run,
There ſecret weep their wither'd falling Joy.

Now ſatisfy'd in Heart, we downwards tend
To ſeek th' unguarded Young that wait her there;
Thro' fluid Sap we to the Root deſcend,
And kindly feed her little helpleſs Care.

But ah! an heavy Bough of aged *Moſs*,
Torn off by Winds, in fatal Ruin fell;
All dy'd beneath it; who can ſpeak the Loſs?
Or the ſad Parent's Sorrow fully tell?

But ſhe had ſcarce the Time to weep, ere ſpy'd
But a large Glow-Worm hidden in the Wood;
Whilſt to eſcape the furious Beaſt ſhe try'd,
Becauſe, alas! the cruel Monſter's Food.

Wrapt in the creeping Worm I quiet lay,
Conſider'd calmly its ſurprizing Frame;
The living *Gem* emits a lucid Day,
And looks deluſive, like a real Flame.

But unto Darkneſs it can only ſhow
The ſhining Glories, which are not its own;
They from its Fabrick but reflected flow,
And to the gloomy Night alone are known.

'Tis true they often ſtrike the pleaſed Eye,
When we bewilder'd wander thro' the Night;
But when the Sun appears, they fading fly,
And hide their faithful Gleams in real Night.

But now the peaceful Evening's friendly Breeze
Began to wander o'er the joyful Plain,
In Whiſpers flutter'd thro' the leafy Trees,
And kindly promis'd a few Drops of Rain.

Fancy perceiv'd the ſoftly falling Show'rs,
That ſhed a dewy Moiſture on my Face:
So I awaken'd at the duſky Hour,
That ſcatter'd Twilight o'er the lonely Place.

Then homewards journey, by ſweet Muſing led,
Deceive by Meditation half the Way,
Arriv'd when Night her awful Curtain ſpread,
And ſocial Fires ſupply'd departed Day.

A

SERMON

Occaſioned by the Death of the Rev. Mr. *Proctor*, Miniſter of *Giſſing*.

By the Rev. Mr. Moor, *Miniſter of* Burſton *in* Norfolk.

1 Tim. vi. 12.

Fight the good Fight of Faith, lay hold on eternal Life, whereunto thou art alſo called, and haſt profeſſed a good Profeſſion before many Witneſſes.

BELOVED, We are met together to ſolemnize the Funeral of Mr. *Proctor*: His Father's Name was Mr. *Thomas Proctor*, of the 2d Family; his Brother's Name alſo was Mr. *Thomas Proctor*; he lived ſome Time at *Buſton-Hall* in *Norfolk*, and was High Conſtable of *Diſs Hundred*: This Man's Name was Mr. *Robert Proctor*, and his Wife's was Mrs *Buxton*, late Wife of Mr *Matthew Buxton*; ſhe came from *Helſdon Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

He was a good Huſband, and ſhe was a good Houſewife, and they two got Money: She brought a thouſand Pounds with her for her Portion.

But now, Beloved, I ſhall make it clear, by demonſtrative Arguments.

Firſt, he was a good Man, and that in ſeveral Reſpects: He was a loving Man to his Neighbour, a charitable Man to the Poor, a favourable Man in his Tythes, and a good Landlord to his Tenants: There ſits one Mr. *Spurgeon* can tell what a great Sum of Money he forgave him upon his Death Bed, it was Fourſcore Pounds. Now, Beloved, was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*. This is the firſt Argument.

Secondly, To prove this Man to be a good Man, and a Man of God, is this; in the Time of his Sickneſs, which was long and tedious, he ſent for Mr. *Cole*, Miniſter of *Shimpling*, to pray for him: He was not a ſelf-ended Man, to be prayed for himſelf only; no, Beloved, he deſired him to pray for all his Relations and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for all Mr *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any; and to Mr. *Cole*'s Prayers he devoutly ſaid, *Amen, Amen, Amen.* Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Then he ſent for Mr. *Gibbs* to pray for him; when he came and prayed for him, for all his Friends and Relations, and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for all Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any: And to Mr. *Gibb*'s Prayers he likewiſe devoutly ſaid, *Amen, Amen, Amen.* Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall* in *Norwich*.

Then he ſent for me, and I came and prayed for this good Man Mr. *Proctor*, for all his Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any: And to my Prayers he devoutly ſaid, *Amen, Amen, Amen.* Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Thirdly and laſtly, Beloved, I come to a clear demonſtrative Argument, to prove this Man to be a good Man, and a Man of God, and that is this: There was one *Thomas Proctor*, a very poor Beggar-Boy; he came out of *Scotland*, over the River *Tweed*, upon the Back of a Dun Cow: It was not a Black Cow, nor a Brindled Cow, nor a Brown Cow; no, Beloved, it was a Dun Cow: Well, Beloved, this poor Boy came a begging to this good Man's Door, to this Man of God's Door; he did not do as ſome would have done, give him a ſmall Alms, and ſend him away; or chide him, and make him a Paſs, and ſend him to his own Country: No, Beloved, he took him into his Houſe, and bound him an Apprentice to a *Gunſmith* in *Norwich*; and after his Time was out, took him home again, and married him to a Kinſwoman of his Wife's, one Mrs. *Chriſtian Robertſon* here preſent, there ſhe ſits; ſhe was a very good Fortune, and to her this good Man gave a very conſiderable Jointure: By her he had three Daughters; this good Man took home the eldeſt, brought her up to Woman's Eſtate, married her to a very Hon. Gentleman, Mr. *Buxton* here preſent, there he ſits; gave him a vaſt Portion with her, and the Remainder of his Eſtate he gave his two Daughters. Now was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Beloved, you may remember ſome Time ſince I preached at the Funeral of Mrs. *Proctor*, all which Time I troubled you with many of her tranſcendant Vertues; but your Memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I ſhall now remind you of one or two of them.

The *Firſt* is, ſhe was as good a Knitter as any in the County of *Norfolk*: When her Huſband and Family were in Bed and aſleep, ſhe would get a Cuſhion, clap herſelf down by the Fire, and ſit and knit; but Beloved, ſhe was no prodigal Woman, but a ſparing Woman; for to ſpare Candle, ſhe would ſtir up the Coals with her Knitting-Pins, and by that Light ſhe would ſit and knit, and make as good Work as many other Women by Day-Light: Beloved, I have a Pair of Stockings upon my Legs that were knit in the ſame Manner, and they are the beſt Stockings that ever I wore in my Life.

Secondly, She was the beſt Maker of Toaſt in Drink that ever I eat in my Life, and they were brown Toaſts too: For when I uſed to go in a Morning, ſhe would aſk me to eat a Toaſt; which I was very willing to do, becauſe ſhe had ſuch an artificial Way of toaſting it, no Ways black, nor burning it; beſides ſhe had ſuch a pretty Way of grating Nutmeg, of dipping it in the Beer, and ſuch a Piece of rare Cheeſe, that I muſt needs ſay, they were the beſt Toaſts that ever I eat in my Life.

Well, Beloved, the Days are ſhort, and many of you have a great Way to your Habitations, and therefore I haſten to a Concluſion.

I think I have ſufficiently proved this Man to be a good Man, and his Wife a good Woman; but fearing your Memories ſhould fail you, I ſhall repeat the Particulars, *viz.*

1*ſt*, His Love to his Neighbour.
2*dly*, His Charity to the Poor.
3*dly*, His Favourableneſs in his Tythes.
4*thly*, His Goodneſs to his Tenants.
5*thly*, His Devotion in his Prayers, in ſaying *Amen* to the Prayers of Mr. *Cole*, Mr. *Gibbs*, and myſelf.

But more eſpecially for that tranſcendent Act of Charity in entertaining the poor Beggar-Boy, in binding him an Apprentice to a *Gunſmith*, and marrying him afterwards to a Kinſwoman of his Wife's; and bringing up his eldeſt Daughter to Woman's Eſtate, and marrying her to that Hon. Gentleman Mr. *Buxton*; and giving him a vaſt Portion with her, and giving the Remainder of his Eſtate to his other Daughters. Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon Hall* beyond *Norwich*

Well, Beloved, he hath done his Work on Earth, courageouſly, valiantly, and mantully; in fighting under the World's Banner of good Huſbandry, in getting of Money. He is now gone to fight the good Fight of Faith, to do his Work with God, and to ſing *Hallelujahs* in Heaven; where we will leave him.

SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18.

YESTERDAY Morning the Lady of Sir *John Heathcote*, Bart. Member of Parliament for *Bodmin* in *Cornwall*, and only Son of Sir *Gilbert Heathcote*, Bart. deceas'd, was ſafely delivered of two Daughters, at his Houſe in *Mark-Lane*; her Ladyſhip and the Children being likely to do well.

Laſt Week a curious Monument was erected in *Crayford* Church in *Kent*, to the Memory of the Lady *Shovell*, who died about two Years ago, Relict of Sir *Cloudeſly Shovell*, who was caſt away on the Rocks of *Scilly*, in his Voyage from *Toulon* the 22d of *October*, 1707.

Yeſterday Mr. *Harman Verelſt*, Accomptant to the Truſtees for eſtabliſhing the Colony of *Georgia* in *America*, received the Sum of 10,000 l. out of the Receipt of his Majeſty's Exchequer, by Virtue of a Letter of Attorney from the ſaid Truſtees, and immediately paid the ſaid Sum into the *Bank of England*, on Account of the ſaid Truſtees; which Sum was ſo received without any Fees or Deductions whatſoever, the ſeveral Officers of the Treaſury and Exchequer giving their Fees, in regard the ſaid Sum was given in Charity for a National Benefit.

The Right Hon. the Lord *Catherlogh*, Colonel of the firſt Troop of Horſe-Gnards, has already drafted off ſe-

veral Men in the ſaid Troop who are under Size, being reſolved to continue none, or accept of any, but what are five Feet ten Inches without their Shoes.

On Sunday the 5th Inſtant, immediately after Evening-Service, one *William Williams*, coming from the Pariſh-Church of *Abergelly*, in the County of *Denbigh*, was purſued from thence to the Rector's Houſe, by one *Lloyd*, a Gentleman's Son in that Neighbourhood, who with a drawn Sword, did there ſtab and murder the ſaid *Williams*; and having fled for the ſame, a Reward has been offered for the apprehending him.

Preferment. Laſt Week the Rev. *Edward Hammond*, M. A. was preſented to the Archdeaconry of *Dorſet*, in the room of the Rev. *Robert Cooper*, deceaſed.

MONDAY, *Auguſt* 20.

On Saturday laſt one *Silveſter*, a Weaver in *Spittle-Fields*, returning from his Father's Burial, who had been formerly a Man in tolerable Circumſtances, but was that Day buried at the Pariſh Expence, went into his Chamber and hanged himſelf.

On Wedneſday laſt ſome Bricklayers digging for a Foundation in *Little St. Helen's*, *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, diſcovered a *Roman* Pavement, which by the Inſcription had been laid about 1700 Years ago. It afforded a very beautiful Proſpect, being in *Moſaick* Work, and the Tiles not above an Inch ſquare. Upon further Search, ſeveral Human Bodies and Sculls were found, from which we may ſuppoſe it was formerly a Burying Place; and what is more particular, is, that the Bones were of prodigious Sizes.

This Week they begin to pull down St. *George's* Church in *Southwark*, in order to be rebuilt, purſuant to an Act of Parliament paſſed the laſt Seſſions.

Robberies. On Thurſday Night laſt the Houſe of Mr. *Criſp*, a Victualler, adjoining to St. *James's* Palace, was broke open, and near 70l. in Money and Notes taken out of a Scrutore undiſcover'd.——Laſt Thurſday Night between Nine and Ten o'Clock, Mr. *Ball*, a Coach Painter in *Swallow-ſtreet*, was knocked down and robbed of about 36s. in Money, and his Hat, by one Street-Robber, under the Wall of *Burlington Gardens*.

Preferments. His Majeſty has been pleaſed to grant unto Major-General *Richard Sutton*, the Office of Governor of the Iſland of *Guernſey*, and the Iſlands and Territories thereunto belonging, the Iſland of *Alderney* only excepted, in the room of *George* Earl of *Cholmondeley*, deceaſed.—His Majeſty has been pleaſed to appoint Lieutenant-General *William Evans*, to be Colonel of the Queen's own Royal Regiment of Horſe, in the room of his Grace the Duke of *Argyll*.

Deaths. Laſt Thurſday died, at his Houſe at *Walham-Green*, aged 94, *John Rowbrey*, Eſq; formerly Cup-Bearer to King *James* II.——Laſt Friday died, at his Houſe in *Mare-ſtreet*, *Hackney*, —— *Selwyn*, Eſq; ſome Time ſince an eminent *Spaniſh* Merchant in *Tower-ſtreet*, reputed worth ſeveral thouſand Pounds.

Bankrupt. William Stanier, of *Shrewſbury*, in the County of *Salop*, Draper.

TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 21.

On Saturday Night laſt Mrs *Wilſon*, who kept the *Horns* Alehouſe in *Roſemary-Lane*, as ſhe was giving Change for a Guinea to a Neighbour, fell down dead with the Silver in her Hand.

Yeſterday the Coachman of the *Saliſbury* Flying Stage-Coach had the Misfortune of having both his Legs broke at *Brentford*, occaſioned by the overturning of the Coach.

On Thurſday laſt a Match was run between two Horſes, of *Lewes* in *Suſſex*, for 100 Guineas, each carrying eleven Stone four Pounds, and to ſtart from *Lewes* to *London*, and back again, it being computed to be 100 Miles, which was won by the Butcher's; the Farmer's Horſe on his Return dropt down dead within three Miles of *Lewes*, and the other was ſo bad that 'tis thought he cannot recover.

We hear from *York*, that an unhappy Accident happened upon *Knavesmeve* Courſe, during the late Races there, by Means of a Country Fellow, who, being upon a run away Horſe, rode with ſuch Violence againſt a Gentleman's Servant, likewiſe on Horſeback, that both of them were thrown down, and the Footman diſlocating his Neck by the Fall, died immediately.

Preferments. Laſt Week the Rev. Dr. *Holdſworth*, Fellow of St. *John's* College, *Oxford*, was preſented by his College to the Rectory of *Chalfont St. Peter's*, *Bucks*, vacant by the Death of Dr. *Herſe*——A few Days ſince the Rev. Dr. *Owen*, of the ſaid College, was preſented to the Rectory of *Stoughton* in *Huntingdonſhire*, vacant by the Death of the Rev. Mr. *John Gyles*, B. D.——Lately the Rev. Dr. *Bignell*, was preſented to the Rectory of *Eaſt-Farndon* in *Northamptonſhire*, vacant by the Death of the Rev. Mr. *John Stileman*, B. D.

Marriages. A few Days ago *Philip Sercoate*, Eſq; was married to her Grace the Dutcheſs Dowager of *Cleveland*.——On Saturday laſt *John Willis*, Eſq; eldeſt Son to the Lord Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, was married to Miſs *Fielding*, only Daughter of Col. *Fielding*.

Deaths. Yeſterday died, at his Houſe at *Richmond*, *Thomas Child*, Eſq; a near Relation to Sir *Francis Child*, Knt. and Alderman.——On Wedneſday laſt died, at *Warfield* in *Windſor-Foreſt*, the Rev. Mr *George Cooke*, having been Vicar of that Pariſh above thirty Years.——On Sunday laſt died, at her Houſe in *Groſvenor-ſtreet*, the Lady *Cole*, Relict of Sir *Micajah Cole*, of the Kingdom of *Ireland*.—— Laſt Friday died *John Wiſe*, Eſq; Brother to the Rev. Mr. *Wiſe*, Miniſter of *Harly* in *Eſſex*.

WEDNESDAY, *Auguſt* 22.

On Saturday laſt a Gentleman's Servant riding near *Sheen*, his Horſe was frighten'd at a Coach that was coming by him, and threw him with ſuch Force againſt the Pole, that he died on the Spot.

Dublin, Aug. 14. We hear from *Bellaghaggberge*, in the County of *Gallway*, that on Sunday the 5th Inſtant they had a moſt terrible Lightning and Thunder, which laſted from Three in the Afternoon till Five, attended with very heavy Rain, at which Time ſome young Men were playing at Ball at the Gable End of the Iron Works, who at the firſt Clap of Thunder ran into the Houſe; but four of the Men being more fearful than the reſt, went into the Chimney, ſoon after which a Flaſh of Lightning came, which ſtruck the four inſtantly dead in the Chimney, ſing'd the Hair and Cloaths of ſome of the reſt, and ſtruck off the Leg of one of them, but the Houſe received no Damage.

We have Advice from the County of *Meath*, that in the great Thunder, which fell Yeſterday was Sevennight, two Horſes were killed near the *Boyn*, in the Fields where the Breach was, on one Side, and on the oppoſite Side ſeveral Reapers were ſinged, and one had his Scull broke, and Brains blown out of his Head, to the great Terror of all the By-ſtanders.

Robbery. On Monday Night between Seven and Eight o'Clock Mr. *Simms*, a noted Corn-Chandler in *Piccadilly*, returning from *Hounſlow*, was attacked by two Highwaymen between *Ford-Hook* and the *Fiſe-Ponds* near *Acton* Town, who robbed him of between 40 and 50s. and afterwards rode off towards *Ealing*.

Preferment. His Majeſty hath been pleaſed to conſtitute and appoint *Thomas de Grey*, Eſq; to be Comptroller of the Firſt Fruits and Tenths, in the room of *John Harbord Dodd*, Eſq; deceas'd

THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 23.

Yeſterday about One o'Clock, a Pickpocket was diſcovered with his Hand in a Sailor's Pocket by *Fleet-Bridge*: The Villain immediately jumpt into *Fleet-Ditch*, and during his Stay there, he pelted the Spectators with Brickbats and what elſe he could find, and drew his Knife, and ſwore he would be the firſt Man's Executioner that ſhould lay hold on him: However the Spectators took Care to beſpatter him while there, and found Means to get him out, in order to take him down to *Black Friars* to clean him from the Mud of the Ditch; but in his Way thither, he made his Eſcape, and did not come under the Watermens Diſcipline.

On Monday the 13th Inſtant ended the Aſſizes at *Newcaſtle*, when *John Simpſon*, *John Dobſon*, alias *Thomas Herdman*, *John Tweddal* and *Bartholomew Morriſon*, receiv'd Sentence of Death, *Dorothy Smith* and *Ann Smith* were ordered to be tranſported for ſeven Years. *Simpſon* and *Dobſon* alias *Herdman*, are ſince repriev'd in order to be tranſported, but *Tweddal* and *Morriſon* are to be executed. It is obſerv'd that there has not been a Perſon hang'd in *Newcaſtle* theſe thirty Years laſt paſt.

At the ſame Time they were held for the County of *Northumberland*, when *William Greenborn* for ſtealing a Purſe with 39 Guineas, and *Adam Laidler*, *Thomas Oliver*, *Edward Gallon*, *Anthony Brown*, *Thomas Meggee*, for Horſe-ſtealing, were condemn'd, but afterwards repriev'd, in order for Tranſportation. *Francis Charter*, for ſtealing a Guinea and 9s. and *James Wilſon*, alias *Hoſley*, for ſtealing three Cows, are to be tranſported for ſeven Years, as are *Ralph Steel* and *Joſhua Hall*, two former Convicts, for fourteen. *Thomas Cooper*, for returning from Tranſportation was acquitted: *Peter Higgins*, for Perjury, and *Percival Brown*, for ſuffering a Priſoner to eſcape, were committed to Jail, until they find Sureties to appear at the next Aſſizes, to try the Traverſe of their Indictments.

Yeſterday a Man that had been for ſome Time under great Pain in *Guy's-Hoſpital*, cut his own Throat.

The ſame Day *Edward Hammond*, a Plaiſterer's Labourer, going up the Inſide of a Ladder in a back Staircaſe at the new *Bank*, upon his endeavouring to turn, the Ladder ſlipp'd, and he fell to the Bottom, fractur'd his Scull, and died on the Spot.

Yeſterday the three new Knights Companions of the moſt noble Order of the Garter, were inſtalled with the uſual Formalities in St. *George's* Chapel at *Windſor*, *viz.* his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* (by Proxy), his Grace the Duke of *Devonſhire*, and the Right Hon. the Earl of *Wilmington*.

Commitment. Yeſterday two Brothers were committed to *Surrey* Jail, for Horſe-ſtealing.

Marriages. On Wedneſday was Se'nnight the Right Hon. *Henry* Lord *Sinclair*, a Peer of *North Britain*, was married at *Edinburgh* to the Right Hon. the Counteſs Dowager of *Southeſk*——On Tueſday *George Mangay*, Eſq; of *Wardour-ſtreet*, *Soho*, was married to Miſs *Dunſtar*, of *Green ſtreet*, *Soho*.

Deaths. Yeſterday died, at *Banſtead* in *Surrey*, *Thomas Towers*, Eſq; formerly an eminent Merchant of this City.—— A few Days ſince died, at her Houſe near *Watford* in *Hertfordſhire*, the Lady *Bard*, Relict of Sir ——— *Bard*, Knt.

FRIDAY, *Auguſt* 24.

Yeſterday the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, accompany'd by ſeveral Aldermen, and attended by the City Muſick, went to *Smithfield* to proclaim *Bartholomew-Fair*: His Lordſhip ſtopt at *Newgate* as uſual, where the Keeper drank to him in a Silver Cup, according to antient Cuſtom.

The *True Friendſhip* of *Yarmouth*, *Richard Moyles*, Maſter, loaden with Coals, *&c.* from *Newcaſtle*, ſtruck coming over the Whiteing Sand on Friday Night laſt, and ſounder'd ſoon after in deep Water. There were on board her 25 Perſons, of whom 13 were Paſſengers, only five Perſons were ſaved; the Maſter was among the Drowned.

Laſt Wedneſday a Gentleman going out of a Boat on board the *William* and *Mary*, a *Holland* Trader, at Anchor off *Woolwich*, had the Misfortune to fall over-board, and was drowned.

We hear from *Herefordſhire*, that there is the greateſt Plenty of Hops and Fruit that has been known for many Years paſt.

Laſt Week the *Epping-Foreſt* Deer-ſtealers enter'd the Paddock of *James Smyth*, Eſq; at *Upton* in *Eſſex*, and ſtole four Does out of the ſame.

Marriage. On Monday laſt *James Boutbey*, of *Barns* in *Surrey*, Eſq; was married to Miſs *Sarah Jenkins*, Daughter of —— *Jenkins*, Eſq; of the ſame Place, a young Lady of 15,000l. Fortune.

Death. Laſt Tueſday died, at his Seat at *Warden-Hall* in *Eſſex*, —— *Cole*, Eſq;

FOREIGN NEWS.

Dantzic, Aug. 19. N. S.

OUR laſt Letters from *Warſaw* adviſe, that the Primate of *Poland*, who was recovered of his late Indiſpoſition, appeared under ſome Surprize upon the News of the *Ruſſians* having entered the Great Duchy of *Lithuania*: However, having called a Council, it was reſolved therein to oppoſe their Progreſs with all the Forces of the Republick: Accordingly, Orders were diſpatched to all the Regiments, to march againſt the *Muſcovites*; and the Nobility were likewiſe mounted for the ſame Purpoſe, intending to try the Fate of a Battle. The Czarina of *Muſcovy* has publiſhed a Manifeſto, to juſtify the ſending of her Troops into *Poland*; wherein ſhe declares, That the Republick has nothing to fear from her Czarina Majeſty: That ſhe enters *Poland* as a Friend, in order to maintain the Freedom of Election: That her Troops are charged to obſerve an exact Diſcipline, and to pay for every Thing they have: But that if, contrary to all Expectation, the Republick ſhould chuſe *Staniſlaus*, her Czarian Majeſty would be obliged to change her Friendſhip into Enmity, and to order her Troops to live at Diſcretion in the Kingdom, *&c.*

Dreſden, Aug. 18. Two Expreſſes are arrived at Court, one upon the Heels of the other, with Advice that the *Ruſſians* had entered *Poland*, to the Number of about 40,000 Men; and that they were to be followed forthwith by 30,000 *Coſſacks* and 5000 *Calmuck Tartars*: Whereupon Orders were ſent to the *Saxon* Troops, to haſten their March, and to enter *Poland* directly.

Mentz, Aug. 22. The *French* being buſy in laying three Bridges over the *Rhine* by *Hunningen* and below *Friburg*, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the Hurry People are in, who fancy themſelves expoſed, to ſecure their beſt Effects in the ſtrong Places.

Warſaw, Aug. 8. We have ſo many different Reports about the approaching Election, that a Man had need of a great deal of Brains and Patience to ſort them, and prevent Confuſion. Thoſe for the Elector of *Saxony* give out, that his Party increaſes every Day; the inferior Nobility of *Maſovia* are well inclined; the Prieſts and the *Diſſidents* have declared for him: and Prince *Czartoriſki* is not averſe to him. But, more for his Electoral Highneſs's Purpoſe, 17,000 *Muſcovites* under General *Leſſe* have enter'd *Lithuania* on one Side, directing their March to *Grodno*, while General *Weiſbach* is doing the ſame Thing from

the *Ukraine*, at the Head of 20,000 Men, with design to join him at *Grodno*. Thus here is an Army of 37 000 *Muscovites*; besides which the Elector of *Saxony* talks of entring *Poland* on the other Side, with all his Forces: And if the *French* attack the Emperor or the Empire upon the *Rhine*, the King of *Prussia* has 50,000 Men at his Service to join the *Imperialists*. This is the News on one Side. The Neutrals in *Poland* say, there are no less than ten *Pi-ctes* that will appear as Candidates at the Election, exclusively of King *Stanislaus*; and it is hard if they cannot pick a good King out of them. *Very true!* But the Stream of the Voices seems still to run strong for King *Stanislaus*, say all that wish him here. So we must wait for a Decision till the Day of Election, which continues fixed for the 25th Instant.

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CHRISTNED		
M. 172	In all	329
F. 157		
DIED		
Under	2	251
From 2 to	5 Old	49
5	10	19
10	20	10
20	30	32
30	40	46
40	50	53
50	60	28
60	70	29
70	80	17
80	90	11
Upwards	90	1

Bu. M. 270. F. 276.
Total 546. Decr. 10.

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N. B. *Advertisements, of a reasonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*